Carnal Sins

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Carnal Sins

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Summary

Doctor Lecter decides to try a new place for the night, *The Golden Spur*, and while it's not his normal haunt, he figures a meal might present itself. What he hasn't anticipated is the fierce and beautiful dancer there, Ganymede. Will the young Will Graham earn his way onto the dinner table or perhaps into Hannibal's heart and mind instead?

Chapter 1

The Golden Spur is especially rowdy tonight but Will Graham is okay with that. It means he will make more money and he won't really have to work any harder than usual. From his position behind the DJ's box he can see at least two parties happening out on the floor. He would rather spend his time up here between his sets after a quick run to the changing rooms between his sets.

Caraway, the DJ, isn't as catty as the women and men who were his fellow dancers. Too much chatter and shade thrown around those overly cramped rooms.

"You're up next, doll baby," Caraway calls over his shoulder, his eyes roaming over Will for a second before he says, "C'mere, child. You got that all twisted."

Will smiles at the affectionate names from Caraway and walks over holding his slacks in his hands, bare feet silent on the booth's floor, arms out as he turns his back to the other man. "I know. I just couldn't get it right and Evangeline was too busy trying to snoop through other people's stuff to help me." Deft fingers straightening the straps on the back of his underwear as he speaks, a light pat on his butt cheek signaling that Caraway is done. "I need to talk to that boy again," the DJ says with a look of disappointment on his face.

"It's okay, Cara, you know he is always gonna do it," Will says as he's fastening up his pants and straightening his bow-tie.

In the six months that Will has worked here, he has gotten used to the way his fellow employees behaved and most of them were good, a few weren't so good. Will Graham, college student, master's degree candidate, and stripper. This is better than any nine to five that he has worked in...ever. He doesn't really have to talk to anyone, is allowed to say no to customers who wanted to buy a dance, and he doesn't have to see the crowd. The stage lights make sure of that. Floor time is different, but he keeps his focus elsewhere.

The opening chords of *Fur Elise* - the dub-step remix- breaking him from his thoughts, Will rushes to drop a friendly kiss on Caraway's cheek before taking the stage, barefoot with slacks and a bow-tie. His dance beginning as his announcement plays over the music. "Welcome to the stage! The classy gent, Ganymede, to see to all your Old World fantasies! Give it up for him!"

Rolling his eyes at the same time he begins to roll his hips, leaning into the music and letting the beat lift him up. It's then that a man who looks far too distinguished for the place walks in. With his powerful eyes, expensive suit, and menacing, yet seductive gaze, he scopes out the scene.

No, it's not entirely a place he would normally frequent but he has a lot on his mind tonight. Beyond that he's quite the hedonist.

What catches his eye, however, is the lithe, yet muscular beauty working the stage now. As well as the name that was given just before it. *Ganymede* . He can't help but smile to himself

as he sits down in the chair right in front of the stage, or close. Ordering a Chianti, he pays the cocktail waitress and tips her well when she brings it back to him. He nods a thank you, gives her a wink, then returns his attentions back to the ethereal creature before him.

Just before the beat drops a second time, Will slowly shucks off his slacks, a wiggle of his hips as he lifts one leg free and then another. His pants aren't the cheap tear-away kind, Will finds those to be quite tacky.

He leans backwards, letting the cold steel pole rest between his shoulder blades as his hips rotate to the beat, his custom zippered bottoms on full display. As he turns he catches a three piece suit out of the corner of his eye and decides this might be a good night after-all.

Running his hands over his naked chest, fingertips grazing and they fall to his hips, catching and tugging down a little at the top strap, emphasizing the curve of his ass.

The song is one of Hannibal's favorite songs, even if it is an atrocious remaking, either way it could be worse. That hardly matters now. Not when he can see the way the light is catching the metal on the dancer's zipper bottoms. He sips his Chianti then pulls out a twenty from his wallet, getting up to walk right up to stage, where he sits in one of the velvet covered chairs. His eyes pay close attention to every move the boy makes, his hand lifting to show he is indeed willing to pay. He always is for pure artistry.

Dropping to a squat on the opposite side of the stage to allow another patron to slip a few ones into the top strap of his bottoms, Will notices as Mr. Three-Piece sits in one of the chairs at the other side of the stage. Making a circuit around the twin poles on his way over there.

Pushing off the closest pole Will drops to his knees, making sure to engage all of his back muscles, hips undulating as he crawls provocatively towards the man. Blue eyes looking over the man, expecting to find a doughy middle aged man, he smiles to himself when he sees just how wrong he is.

Mr. Three-Piece is absolutely sculpted. Will drops further to his elbows and then stretches his arms out in front, back arching and then twisting as he looks coyly back at his newest customer.

Hannibal's dark eyes took in the curve of Will's spine, the soft, muscular swell of his posterior, the way the lights illuminated his skin and heated it all at once. The scent was clean, and yet musky, pine and dog just barely there under the most prominent notes. When he sees the smile, one of his own tugs at his lips. He leans forward, flicking open the button of his waist coast just before he does with the hand not currently brandishing the crisp twenty.

Will's eyes widen at the money. Not that it was being offered, but the amount. A twenty usually buys a dance. A private one, at that. Not that he is selling himself short, it is just policy of the place.

Will allows his knees to slip, spreading them so that his groin rest flat on the floor and he brings his hands up his body, one tangles in his hair and the other rests wrapped lightly around his own throat as he undulates his hips against the cold stage floor.

Pulling his long legs underneath him in a demure style kneel, Will looks at Mr. Three-Piece as he hold open the side of his bottoms.

Hannibal doesn't put it there. He takes Will's wrist instead, gingerly, and swiftly, thumbing over his pulse. He smiles, flashing sharp teeth, then places that twenty in his palm. The show that's been put on for him is beautiful in its own way, but he's wanting much more than that. He wants to get to know him, peek behind the curtain, into this striking creatures mind. When climax of the music is reached, and it calms, and that's when he speaks, letting go of the dancer's wrist, eyes locked with laser like precision. "Come to me after you're finished here, hm? I'm Doctor Hannibal Lecter, and it's been a pleasure, *Ganymede* . I very much wish for it to continue to be."

Will starts at the sudden, unexpected contact, but he doesn't make a move to pull away, going as far to raise a hand to stop the bouncer that had started to head their way. A flirty smile graces his lips as he leans over to whisper as the music settles, "There's a no touching rule for the main stage, Dr. Lecter." Will feels like the man is still holding his wrist, even though the hold had been light and he could have pulled away, as he folds the twenty and sticks it behind his ear. The music dies completely and another dancer is announced, Tawny, taking the stage behind him as Will rises from his kneeling position. "Give me five minutes," he whispers quickly before moving to collect his other tips and pass the new person. Tawny shooting him a look and he nods, silently saying he's okay just before disappearing behind the curtain again.

Will quickly pulls his slacks back on and neatly folds his tips, minus the twenty, and tucks in under the corner of Cara's relay board as he always does. Taking a few deep breaths before he goes out to circle the floor after stepping into a pair of thrift store wingtips and to see just what Mr. Three-Piece-Dr. was looking for tonight.

Hannibal smiles when he sees the dancer, Ganymede. He's back at his table, the bouncer in his periphery. He may just have to tend to him later, depending on how the rest of the night goes. He's drinking another glass of Chianti now, and has politely turned away several offers from dancers and patrons alike. He's got one person in mind and when he's closer, the doctor pushes out a chair for him. "Please, Ganymede, have a seat. Would you like a drink? It's on me, of course," he says, his words dripping off his lips, husky, rich, and smooth, like fine cognac.

Will's smile is fake, it's the one he usually uses with his customers, it doesn't reach his eyes: but then no one has ever noticed. He leans over the back of the chair that Mr. Man has pushed out, his shoulders pushed up. "As much as I would love to keep you company for a little bit, and that drink is mighty tempting: I can't. Still on the clock. But…" he pulls the twenty from his pocket and holds it out, "You paid for a dance. Not a tip."

It's fake, of course it is. Hannibal can definitely tell. "As a patron, it is at my discretion to decide how much I might wish to tip you or not. It was indeed a tip, however, if the only way that I can enjoy your company a bit longer is offer up more money for a tip, then I will play by your rules."

For now.

He pulls out a one hundred dollar bill, looking at the young beauty,offering it up after finishing his drink. “Take me to where you give your dances, that is, if you agree to give me one?”

Will’s eyes go large at the offered bill, he tucks the twenty away and clears his throat, “How about you keep that and we’ll see if my dancing is worth that much?” He doesn’t doubt his abilities, he is, however, doubting this man’s lack of frugality.

“But...I would be happy…” Thrilled. “to dance for you.” Reaching over and running his fingertips over the perfectly pressed lapel of the doctor’s suit jacket, letting his hand trail down to take the other man’s hand. Will gives him a gentle tug to encourage him to stand and follow him back to a private room.

The hallway is long and dark, muffled music coming from the main floor, barely masking some of the sounds coming from behind closed doors. Private dances, private shows, and private flings; management doesn’t often care as long as everyone is paid and everything is consensual. Will has never had a fling with a customer but he wasn’t beyond giving a one man show.

Stopping at a door with the brass number 13, his own private room, paid for and kept by him. He flicks the lock and holds it open for the good doctor. “After you?”

“Thank you.”

Ordinarily, Hannibal would insist otherwise, but this Ganymede is showing a courtesy. He won’t let that go to waste. So in he walks, already having tucked the one hundred dollar bill back into his coat pocket, just for now. He intends on paying him the money, one way or another. The first thing he notices is the scent. Sweat, musk, sweetness. All present. Ejaculate as well, likely from a patron who couldn’t contain himself just from a simple clothed dance. Vile. Not what he does for a living, but that he has to deal with such banalities from what he knows are likely pencil licking buffoons.

With a smile, he turns to the dancer, undoing his suit coat button with a twist of forefinger and thumb. “Where would you like me?”

If the good doctor knew how many people, men and women, had been through Will’s private room he might have a problem sitting anywhere. Being a doctor and all. The door softly clicks closed behind them and he flicks a switch to turn the hallway marker off, saying that is where Will is for the time being.

Doc’s smile is disarming, sharp and predatory teeth taking him by surprise. So far Dr. Lecter has shocked him quietly several times and the smile that he gives him this time is real and reaches his eyes. The blues muted in the dim purple lighting in the little room. “You can sit on the sofa or in one of these chairs. I can work anywhere.” As Will speaks he gestures to the chairs near the tiny stage with a center pole and the couch stretched along the wall. “Is there any music that you prefer? I usually like to dance to something classical with a twist,” a smile thrown over his shoulder as he’s turned to the sound system, his back muscles defined by shadows as he looks for something to play.

Hannibal considers the options, very much aware that under a black-light this place would reveal much and he can smell enough as it is. His keen senses work for him and against him at times. Be that as it may, he takes a seat on the sofa, keeping his legs somewhat parted, in lieu of crossing them like usual. This is certainly not something he'd normally partake of, but this dancer has something that he wishes very much to know more of.

A low growl vibrates in his chest at the imagery, though he isn't sure if it's heard. Either way. He smiles back, almost devilishly. "I think that will be quite nice. I am rather fond of the classics. A twist can also be nice, when done correctly."

Ah the puns. They always please him.

Will misses the growl completely as he contemplates using a song that is one of his favorites but he's never allowed to use on the main stage. "That's very good to know," he says almost absently as the first few cords of Aretha Franklin's Deeper Love- dub-step begins to play.

The song isn't Hannibal's choice, it's not classical, however, he can appreciate the beat, and the passion in Miss Franklin's lyrics, as well as the meaning behind them. They are beautiful in their own way, and he finds that soon he is allowing himself to drown in it, in the dancer. Hips slowly gyrating, using them to turn his body and Will faces Hannibal with a mischievous smile. Hands trailing up his own body, fingers pulling his hair back, giving the doctor a clear display of his face even in the shadowed room. Hannibal watches intently, his dark eyes hooded, head ticked *just so* , to the side as he takes in every nuance.

The second verse is greeted with the unfastening of Will's slacks, mostly letting gravity do the work of them falling down. A quick shuffle step rids Will of his shoes. The middle chorus hits and the lights pulse before beginning to strobe slowly in time with the song. A fine sheen of sweat glints in the cool lighting as Will smoothly settles himself straddling the doctor's lap, feet hooked on the inside of the man's legs, keeping them slightly spread. Actual eye contact is made as he writhes, rising and falling, on Dr. Lecter's lap.

The urge to touch 'Ganymede' is oh so strong, but the doctor is nothing if not a man of control and restraint — when he deems it necessary or worthwhile. Be that as it may, his cock is hard under the soft swell of the beauty's ass, forming a tight line inside his finely tailored trousers. He grunts lowly, sniffing, and at the same time giving a seductive micro snarl. Mm, yes, he's very much impressed. No words are spoken, nothing nor no one else matters in this moment. Just the two of them.

In here— in Will's private room it's not the club rules, no house rules apply here. It's Will's rules. His back arches sharply as he leans over the well dressed man beneath him, Will's breath hot along the doctor's neck when he whispers, "In here— just you and me— you can touch me." And he honestly hopes the man takes him up on his offer. It's not one he gives to many.

Extending his arms above his head, hands clasped together, his hips continue their undulation. And what he finds as he presses down more makes a smile grow on his face. "When you look back— don't remember me as Ganymede. My name is Will." His voice barely audible over the finishing beats of the song and he moves to stand up.

That's when Hannibal takes Will's offer. The intimacy of being given his actual name, the way his breath had felt against his skin, it sealed the deal. Before he can stand, the doctor grips his hip, the other hand going to his jaw, both actions gentle but firm. "The honor is mine," he says, his voice gravely, yet still smooth somehow. A paradox, which is exactly what he is, though most don't know it. His cognac hues go from the dancer's eyes to his lips, and back again. "I will remember every last detail about you. If I saw you everyday, forever Will, I would remember this time."

Will freezes briefly and then resettles on the doctor's lap as then next song that plays is a random shuffle from his playlist. Nina Simone's I Put A Spell On You. The soft dulcet tones plays much quieter than the bass of his regular, client focused, music. Will doesn't resume his dancing but his hips pick up the rhythm of the music and sway gently almost as if on their own. The doctor's words are heavy and they strike a chord inside him, this man beneath him standing far above his usual clientele. Hannibal's hands on him cause his breath to stutter, the warmth seeping into his chilled skin, he very nearly closes his eyes and nuzzles the hand holding his jaw.

Will tries to lighten the doctor's word by replying, "If that's the case; it'll make me sad because then you'll never come back and see me." And, oh, how Will wanted this particular customer to be a regular for him. The money be damned. Will wanted to see his face, feels those hands again, his very essence making an impression on the young dancer.

Hannibal licks his lips, wanting nothing more than to flip Will on his back, pin him down, and plunder his mouth, *feast* on him. He doesn't though. The meat needs marinating, so to speak. Instead, he leans forward, pressing his groin up, letting Will feel the effect on him once more, and ghosts his lips over the dancer's. "I would not wish to see you sad, however, I do wish to see you again. Be it here, or perhaps in my home, for dinner sometime…"

Brows raise as his lips quirk into a smile that nearly is pressed against the lips of the beauty on his lap. He roves his hand from hip to side, then around back, just above Will's ass as he awaits the decision.

The wine the doctor had been drinking is sweet on his lips and Will wants to lick the taste from his mouth. Restraint is a thing. It has to be a thing. Especially since this is the first time he has ever seen this man. And could possibly be the only time Will ever sees Doctor Hannibal Lecter. The chances are good that he will never forget that name, that's for sure.

Will rocks his hips down on instinct when the doctor presses up and oh, god.... Such a seemingly put together man being affected by him in such a way is a heady thing. That nearly makes him erase the millimeters separating their lips with a searing kiss. God, he *wants* to.

His home? The doctor's home? With a shaky voice, Will answers him, "How about a coffee at then end of my shift?" A hopeful gleam in his eyes as that was actually about ten minutes ago.

Hannibal wants to kiss him too, wants to know him intimately. Intellectually. Personally. A taste would also be nice, but… that is not his intention at this point. The grind against his groin is titillating. He's on fire, burning for 'Ganymede' — Will. "Coffee, yes. Wherever you wish to go and have one," he offers, usually particular but exceptions can be made for the

beauty on his lap. He strokes his face, breathing in his scent, feeling every bit of him on his lap, and observing every nuance.

“I should get dressed if we’re going to grab a cup.” But Will doesn’t stop the slight movement of his hips or make any move to actually get off of the doctor’s lap. “First…” His voice fades as Will leans in and whispers, “May I have one, just one kiss?” Arms preemptively wrapping around the older man’s neck. He will back off if the doctor says no, but Will is hoping that he won’t.

“You never have to worry about asking for that, Will,” Hannibal husks, wetting his lips. “But I appreciate the courtesy.” With this, his hand rests over the soft, ample swell of Will’s posterior, his other hand still holding his face, and he closes the gap, pressing their lips together, exploring with a slotted kiss. It’s divine. Religious, in it’s own way, and the deep groan he releases into their lip lock tells that tale without a need for words.

He has never been so glad that he asked a question in his life. Rocking forward, Will brings their bodies closer together as he deepens the kiss even more, the older man’s body feeling more solid beneath the fine clothing that he expected. Will’s lips parting, a soft moan muffled between them. The groan from the doctor’s chest sending goose-flesh rippling over his body. Will dares to run his fingertips of the man’s hair that just barely graces his collar.

Reluctantly, Will pulls back, only just a breath away. His lips curving into a smile, bright with a look that mirrors intoxication, “Fortune favors the bold…”

Hannibal grins back. Yes, this boy is cunning. Could he have found the opportunity for companionship at last? Someone worthy? He is eager to find out. “It appears as though it does, Will. Fortune certainly seems to be on my side tonight.”

Chapter 2

Doctor Hannibal Lecter's words keep repeating in Will's head as he quickly changes his clothes, gathering his few things in a backpack that he uses for work. A wicked little thought worms its way around inside his head and he stuffs the zippered bottoms that he'd worn on stage into the pocket of his thrift store slacks. His cheap and scratchy flannel shirt half buttoned as he stuffs his feet into a worn out pair of work boots before he steps out of the dressing room.

After going past Caraway, collecting his tips and pausing for a kiss on his cheek, with a smile, he walks out of the backstage door and around the table where he met the Doctor after his onstage performance.

Stopping at the edge of the table, Will hefts his bag and asks, "Are you still on for coffee?" The fact that the man has waited on him is telling but he just wants to make sure.

"Yes," Hannibal smiles, and stands up, plucking the keys to his Bentley from his trouser pocket. What a difference. Will looks beautiful nonetheless, even in that atrocious attire. He doesn't mind, it's the prospect of getting to know him better that he's keeping at the forefront of his mind. "I was hoping you had not changed your mind. Shall we go? My vehicle is just outside."

"Nope. My mind is all made up," Will smiles and bounces on his heels for a second, excited and nervous energy dispersing as physical jitters. "There's a place close to here, shouldn't take but ten minutes." A cute place, more his speed. Mismatched chairs and actual record players, books scattered around on tables. Smoothing his hands over his clothes and giving a wave to the bartender, holding the door open for the doctor. "After you."

Hannibal is more than pleased. He has no issue with letting Will select the place this time. With a charming nod, he walks through the door, then turns and holds it in his broad palm, the other gesturing towards the parking lot. "Now, after you. I'm afraid I must insist."

A partnership. Equality. It is his way of showing that to Will. "And I am rather looking forward to seeing this place you speak of."

The doctor truly is. This night has been unexpected but quite pleasurable. In more than one way.

Will is pleasantly surprised by the doctor's-- would this be considered chivalry? Either way, it brings a smile to his face as he slips out the door and waits for it to fall shut. "Thank you, very much," a coy grin over his shoulder as he looks back at the older man,

"So, should I keep calling you 'Doctor' or am I allowed to call you Hannibal?" There is a chill in the evening, moist and sticky air surrounds them. He can think of a couple other names that would suit the taller man well, but those can wait. See where this goes.

“You’re most welcome and please, call my Hannibal,” Hannibal responds, letting the door close as he flits his eyes to meet Will’s. Perfect timing, since it had been an over the shoulder glance. Catching up elegantly, he stands next to the dancer, guiding him towards his black Bentley. The crickets are chirping, singing a little song that the doctor wishes to think is for their benefit. A wild melody. It’s fitting.

When they are close, Hannibal gestures to his vehicle, pulling out his keys to press the unlock button. “It’s just there.”

Will whistles lowly when the lights flash on a Bentley parked on the street, he knew the doctor had seemed well off but this-- This car cost more than his college tuition. Brushing his arm against Hannibal’s as they walk towards the car, branching off to walk to the passenger side. Reaching for the door handle, “Very nice car, Hannibal,’’ smiling over the roof of the glossy black car at the other man. The night is actually nice, it reminds him of nights as a kid when he lived in Louisiana.

“Thank you, Will.” Hannibal smiles back, flaring his nostrils to take in the scent of the late night air. He tilts his head a tick, and then suddenly comes around the car. He brackets Will between his strong, finely tailor arms and nears his face, his breath ghosting.

“It would be awfully *rude* of me not to get the door for you,” Hannibal says, remembering every bit of their kiss in the private room. Yes, Will has his teeth in the doctor, metaphorically, and Hannibal is more than willing to be bitten into.

All of Will’s breath is pushed from him. If someone had asked him his name at the moment he would have given them a standard goldfish reply of an opening and closing mouth. But then this is-- he can’t even do *that* right now.

Hannibal’s breath brushing across his lips. The familiar scent of the dry Italian wine that the doctor had had in the club, and the scent of the man himself. “Being rude would be...terrible,” he barely whispers as he leans forward.

“Mhm,” Hannibal hums lowly, then presses his body against Will’s, both men moving back against the car once more as the doctor closes the gap and lays a fierce kiss on the young man’s mouth. He pulls back long enough to say, “We would not want that,” and then he’s on him again, his tongue spearing between two rosy lips, seeking out the other’s, exhaling sharply through elegant nostrils. He lets one hand move from the Bentley, the travel down Will’s side, tracing the curve from waist to hip. Perfection.

He can’t speak, nor even remember the process of how to form words, Will’s head is swimming. Feeling rather like he is being consumed. And no part of him is objecting to that at the moment. Even his rational, analytical brain has checked out as the smell and taste and feel of Hannibal overwhelms him. Will’s jacket and his bag sliding from his hands before they seem to rise on their own, twining his fingers behind the doctor’s neck. Tilting his head to allow the kiss to deepen, he doesn’t even seem to remember that they are standing on the street just down from his place of employment.

Hannibal is lost in Will too, his hips rolling rhythmically, slowly against the younger man’s body. He’s hard, that much is clear by the strain in his trousers and the hard line within them.

The doctor is burning and nothing else but the two of them in this moment matter. It is of no consequence to him if another sees, let them, and with that glance let it be a warning to anyone who might try to receive the same thing from Will later. Obsession is growing. Deftly he works his tongue with Will's, growling from his throat when they pause for air. "We… perhaps we should get in the car before I bend you over it."

Will allows his head to fall back, making a thunk sound against the metal of the roof. In the car didn't seem too terribly innocent compared to what the already done. And what Hannibal was promising.

But he knew. They *both* knew. That before this night was over Will Graham would be bent over somewhere. "Coffee...tea...milkshake...I'll buy whatever you want." Will mutters to the sky when his eye finally open.

Hannibal has no intentions of letting Will pay. But he doesn't ruin the moment by being insistent on that account now. He composes himself, having allowed the howling beast just a little morsel; nothing compared to what was surely to come later, and then smiles. His eyes went right to Will's throat. So easily he could take his life, an all ending bite from the meat laid out before him but he doesn't want to. It would be a shame to do so, especially so early on.

"How very generous, Will. I admit I am looking forward to partaking of one with you."

"Then perhaps we should get in your car," sass and mischief in Will's voice as he turns between the press of the Doctor and the car. Making doubly sure that his well muscled ass brushes Hannibal's groin.

Looking over his shoulder and biting his lip, an attempt at being coy, "Are you coming?"

"Soon, I'd wager," Hannibal flirts, pressing his groin into Will's ass, pumping and pressing just once, and then backs off. He opens Will's door, and once he's inside, closes it, then goes to get in as well. He starts the fine automobile with a press of a button and it roars to life before he puts on his seatbelt and backs out to head towards the cafe. "You are a master at what you do, Will."

The press and roll of Hannibal's hips against his ass was enough to steal his words from him yet again. Will might have to build up an immunity if this keeps happening. Hannibal Lecter doesn't really come across as a man who deals with sassing very often. And Will thinks about making it his goal to see if he can get another kind of rise out of the doctor.

Will waits until Hannibal Closes his door and moves quickly to snatch his shorts from his pocket, clicking the glove box shut just as Hannibal pulls open his door. Wait...was that *actual* gloves he saw in there?

"I'm more of a jack than a master, but thanks." Unsure of the complement, Will changes the subject, "The cafe is just a few blocks." Buckling his seatbelt, a small shiver runs up his spine at the rumble growl of the engine.

Hannibal contemplates clarifying that he'd not meant that as a slight, but often, it was best to let someone draw their own conclusions. They do anyways, and besides, apologies and explanations are something that he uses sparingly. "Excellent," he says, also having noticed that Will saw his gloves. He begins driving, following Will's instruction. "It is not many who enjoy the use of driving gloves. It's a pleasure I indulge in occasionally."

"You seem fancy enough that you would have driving gloves," Will says with a playful snort. Leaning over in his seat, Will stretches out his seatbelt as he encroaches on Hannibal's side of the car. "What else do you use leather gloves for " A hot whisper against an olive toned cheek.

A light chuckle at that, but once Will's closer, he's on a different train of thought altogether. His upper lip curls into a small snarl, pearly fangs flashing with the streetlights, and then places his hands on the dancer's thigh. "Is it the leather, or simply gloves in general that have elicited this very appealing response?" A deep, seductive rumble as they near a red light.

"Mmm… that'd be the leather and the thought of your hands…" Lips brushing over the curve of Hannibal's ear as Will continues to lean over the narrow console. Will's lips stretched into a wide smile, delighted in the temptation and the danger of distracting Hannibal while he's driving.

Hannibal keeps his composure, even if his cock is stirring in his trousers. He stops at the red-light and without a word, he suddenly turns and grabs Will's face, his movements precise and swift. He kisses and licks into his mouth, sucking his tongue, and biting at those perfectly reddened lips. "The thought of me, hands and all, will *dominate* your mind for days to come, beautiful boy."

As the light turns green, Will's left almost suspended in time, leaning across the console.

Several differences mark the then from the now. The dampness of his lips proving that Hannibal was just there. The pounding of his heart and the dizziness in his head as his cock strains for space in his slacks.

"You. You are." A swallow as Will slides, nearly boneless, back into his own seat, "I don't know what you are. But yes."

"Perhaps with time, all will be revealed."

An elusive grin from Hannibal, then he's focusing back on the road.

The rest of the ride is spent just making small chat. But the sexual tension is there, undoubtedly. Hannibal savors it. He knows that some things are better when the juices have time to marinate. Once they arrive at this cafe. He parks the car and gets out to open Will's door, offering a hand next.

A charming smile in place, he helps him out and locks the Bentley, arming it. "Now then. Coffee at last, hm?"

Will leaves his hand in Hannibal's as they walk the short distance to the cafe, something inside of the younger man doesn't want to let go of the doctor. Not yet.

"Chances are that I'll be up all night anyway," Will says with a chuckle, holding the door open for his companion of the night.

"And it appears that I shall be also," Hannibal states, with a small grin. There isn't much night left but he doesn't mind in the least. He nods a *thank you* as he walks in.

The cafe is a place that's made up of many things. No two chairs match each other, along with the tables and sofas. Sign art decorates the walls, bookshelves line one wall, taken and replaced on the honor system. "What'd ya think?"

It's hideous by all accounts but the beauty at his side more than makes up for the setting. Hannibal knows the response warranted here. He smiles. "It is quaint and eccentric. I imagine many burgeoning artists have found their inspiration over little cups of coffee adorned with foam art," he says, letting go of Will's hand to place his on the small of his back. "I am more interested in your journey, however."

Will's skin goose pimples at the doctor's gentle touch along his spine. And for a second he can imagine Hannibal's hand in the same place sans the clothes and heat blooms in his groin.

A small laugh escapes him at Hannibal's summation of the cafe, nodding. "My journey?" Will asks as they approach the counter, already knowing his order. "I'm not much more than you see." A stripper paying his way through college.

"Time will tell as to which one of us is right," Hannibal hums, and then let's Will order first. He follows suit and then pays, walking with him over to a semi private booth so that they can continue their conversation as they await their coffee. "For starters, what do you do when you are not defying the laws of gravity on your majestic pole?"

Just as Will starts to answer the waiter sets down their coffees, Americano for Will and a flat white for the Doctor. The young man murmurs a thank you when he turns to leave.

Drawing up one of his feet, Will looks at Hannibal with open eyes, "I'm a college student. It's my last year. Excited and… I have this irrational feeling about it. Six years and it's almost behind me." Blowing gently across his steaming cup, "Aside from poking around in people's brains, what do you do, Doctor?"

Hannibal looks at Will's foot in the chair, deciding it doesn't bother him like it would if it were anyone else. The image of the young man's perfectly pursed 'O' shaped lips are more than a pleasant distraction, not that it's noticeably apparent on his own face. "I enjoy the culinary arts, as well as composing pieces of music, among other pursuits," he explains, stirring his coffee to cool it. "What irrational feeling do you have? Do you fear that your dream career might not live up to your expectations or is it yourself that you are doubting? Of course I haven't any idea as to what path it is that you have chosen…"

"Forensic pathology," Will responds and then touches an index finger to Hannibal's hand curled around the handle of his cup, "Piano? Is that what you play?" The young man can only

guess from the doctor's slim and elegant hands. Will does, but only just a few tunes that his father taught him to play. "Definitely me. Myself. I am the man that breaks everything I touch." Or that's what the world feels like to the young empath.

"As observant, or perhaps perceptive, as you are intelligent, and talented," Hannibal remarks, removing his hand to turn it and grasp Will's a bit more securely. "You needn't worry about breaking me, Will. And as for the rest of the world, sometimes things need to be broken to be reforged out of steel."

Forensic pathology might surprise another one of Will's bottom feeding clients but not Hannibal. It draws him in, like a moth to a flame.

Will's slim fingers turn and grasp the Doctor's hand, heat and a certain kind of softness envelopes his slightly smaller hand. Looking down at the place where they've joined, the young man bites at his bottom lip. "Compliments make me a bit uncomfortable, if I'm being honest. Like a vending machine that won't take your money. Awkward."

"And yet you've placed yourself in the position to receive that and more," Hannibal states, noting mentally that Will is more than willing to put himself in unorthodox and uncomfortable positions out of necessity.

The dancer's eyes light on Hannibal's earth toned eyes, "You, Sir, are entirely disarming." And oddly enough Will feels like he can *be himself* in his presence.

"And you, Will, are enchanting, but I wager that is the last thing you wish to hear now," Hannibal smiles and leans in to kiss his hand before taking another sip of his coffee. "You use your appeal to hook your clientele. They are drawn to your beauty and this benefits you while they remain unaware of where your real value lies."

"I don't know about real value," never having seen any in himself, "but when I'm on stage— I don't see anyone, hear anyone. Just the music pounding through me and the confidence that my body will follow the routine I'm doing. Much the same in private dances." Will's eyes looking at the back of his own hand as his other trembles slightly, still feeling the press of Hannibal's lips on his skin.

No comments are made about whatever beauty Hannibal sees or the other compliments that lay around his shoulders like a yoke.

The coffee warms and moistens his dry mouth, setting the cup down with minimal clatter. "You're— different than my usual clientele. For one, I've never had coffee with any of them. Never even seen those people outside of work. But you— I wanna break all my rules for you."

Hannibal smiles, having a sip from his cup. He doesn't compliment him again, sensing the discomfort it brings. Such a thing is useful, he has caused more than most to various individuals but it serves no purpose just yet. "Do you follow rules often then?" he asks instead, raising a barely there, curious brow. "Be it in your personal or professional life. Perhaps both? Rules provide boundaries. It's as much for ourselves as another, though I am pleased to hear you want to shatter the aforementioned for me."

Will traces a finger through the drop of coffee on the rim of his own cup as he listens to Hannibal and considers his words before he speaks, hand tightening minutely on the doctor's. "I try to follow my own. Keeps people in certain places. I like when people are predictable. Feels safe. You are not safe, Dr Lecter," Will's words have a certain kind of finality that doesn't leave room for argument. The young empath knows that he's holding hands with someone who could enrich his life and tear it apart in the same breath. But he can't let go.

Hannibal feels a sense of pride and a small smile touches the corners of his lips to reflect this. Does Will see him then? He thinks it possible, granted only glimmers. There are rooms in which no one will ever traverse, not even himself. The fact that Will has yet to let go is proof that he is drawn to his darkness, or the lack of safety he rightly perceives. He thumbs over his skin, eyes locked keenly on the beauty before him.

"Predictability is banal. Maddeningly polite. It is beyond you. If I am truly as unsafe as you say, then your being here now, with me, says more about yourself than it does anything else. I can offer you a world of our own making, Will. Do you crave change?"

"I don't know what I crave yet. Am I old enough to long for forbidden things? To reach for something just out of my grasp?" Will finishes his coffee with one last sip, pushing his cup away with his free hand. He answers his own questions within his mind, not free enough to admit that *yes* , he longs for things he can't have. Shouldn't have. Dreams of a time that hasn't come to pass.

"Polite is how we live, Dr Lecter. It's what keeps us from being animals." Will's eyes travel between Hannibal's eyes and mouth in quick flicks, not settling.

"I was only a young man when I first began to seek out the unorthodox. There is no shame in indulging. I do not harbor regret for growth nor the exploration of one's true nature. There is courtesy, which I am rather fond of, and then there is maddening politeness. The latter is far less appealing," Hannibal explains, noticing Will's gaze. He finishes his coffee, letting go of Will's hand to procure his wallet to leave a generous tip for the waiter. "Giving into our animal instincts is paying honor to our primal ancestors and their carnal ways. Shall we pay tribute to them now?"

The good doctor stands and offers his hand once more, clear in his intentions by the way he feasts on Will with his eyes alone.

Will cannot help the way that his eyes follow as Hannibal stands up, trailing down the extended arm to linger on the offered hand. He knows that he shouldn't take the doctor's hand, not again. Even as these thoughts circle around in his head he reaches up with a sure hand and places it within the older man's grasp.

Rising from his seat, Will says with a smile, "Let's see where this day takes us. I am...yours to lead."

A small, twitching grin, a micro-blink of satisfaction, and Hannibal leads Will out of the cafe, to his Bentley once more. "The pleasure shall be yours and mine today, Will. I assure you of that."

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The trip to Hannibal's home was a short ride and the topics of conversation were wide and varied. Overall, Will enjoyed the doctor's company and was fascinated by him.

Hannibal pressed a button on his visor and Will saw which house belonged to the man beside him. "Nice place, Doc," trying to keep the trepidation out of his voice. Was he to be a plaything here?

Hannibal raises a brow and parks the Bentley once it's in park. "Thank you, Will," he smiles and opens the door. Walking around, he opens his too, offering the young dancer his hand. "Come, there is much to see and do…"

"Come into my parlor, said the spider to the fly…" Will says under his breath as he follows Hannibal, his hand balmy in the doctor's grasp.

Hannibal takes Will through the rooms he doesn't mind showing him, places of possible interest. He doesn't see him as a mere plaything, but more a potential mate, as it were. The damp press of skin doesn't escape the doctor's notice and it pleases him without showing on his face.

Once the tour is over, they end it in Hannibal's sitting room. "Would you care for a drink?"

So many of the rooms that Will has seen of this man's are like those he's seen in museums. The kind where they have setups of historical rooms. The only bits missing are the nameplates with details about what took place in those rooms.

What would the plaques say about what happens in Hannibal's house?

"Some would say it's too early for a drink. But we've been up all night. So, whiskey, neat."

"A lion does not concern himself over the opinions of sheep, Will, nor should you," Hannibal says, meaning that he sees the both of them as lions. Perhaps Will hasn't fully morphed from lamb to the aforementioned but he is sure he will.

The doctor nods and makes Will's drink and a Brandy for himself, handing the whiskey over first. "Please, make yourself comfortable, you have been on your feet all night."

Taking his drink with a nod of thanks, Will cradles the cup in one hand. God, he can't help but admire so many things about this mysterious doctor that he's gone home with.

After a moment's thought, Will decides to have a seat on the couch, or what passes for a couch in Dr Lecter's house. It's softer than it looks but he is a bit stiff sitting here.

Will takes a tentative sip of the whiskey that he's been given and he’s pleasantly surprised when it just warms his throat. Not the burn of the whiskey that he buys in a plastic bottle. “This is very good, thank you.”

“My pleasure.” Hannibal goes to sit next to Will, remembering the heated kisses they’d shared before. He has a sip of his Brandy, looking at the beauty next to him. His eyes go to the dancer’s lips and then back up as he leans closer, inhaling his scent. “I’d like to hear what it is you want here with me tonight?”

Oh, god. Just thinking about it, about saying what he wants… Will’s heartbeat is loud as drums in his ears. “I don’t— I mean I haven’t ever gone home— or even had coffee with a customer.” He doesn’t want Dr Lecter, Hannibal to think that he does this often. Especially since he’s never done this.

Hannibal turns and strokes Will’s cheek. “I am not your average customer, Will. What I want from you goes beyond the carnal,” he assures, licking his lips. He holds no judgement. “However, the thought of indulging in our primal instincts is far from off putting should you decide I am worthy of such an honor. I have nothing but respect and admiration for you.”

“See, I don’t think you’re playing the gentleman. I think you might actually be a gentleman. Just— not in all things.” Will wants to down his whiskey and crawl into Hannibal’s lap and stay there until nightfall. “Aside from anything— carnal, what is it that you want from me?”

A smile as he removes his hand to grab his drink. Hannibal sips it, looking at Will carefully. “Thank you. You see quite a lot.”

There are many things he wants from Will. But to start, he wants his heart. Metaphorically or if things do not go as planned, literally. “My wish is that one day you look at me and tell me that you love me,” Hannibal states, honest, and direct. He had known from the moment he’d seen Will that he was the only one for him. Love at first sight? It could certainly be deemed as such.

Will’s eyes widen at Hannibal’s confession, mouth going dry so he takes a larger sip of whiskey than planned. “I—,” he’s not sure what to say. How do you reply to something like that? When he swallows a click can be heard in his throat. Will starts again, “I could see that happening. But I don’t do emotions lightly. Love is a very strong thing.” Draining his glass, Will sets it on a side table and turns to fully look at Hannibal, hands own his own thighs, fingertips white.

“One should never take emotions lightly. I wouldn’t expect anything less,” Hannibal assures and sets his glass down. He places his hand over Will’s, pleased that he sees it as a possibility though. “Rest assured I’m not proposing so soon or expecting anything other than the chance to get to know you. I want you to feel relaxed,” explains, looking into his eyes. “Would you care for more whiskey?”

“No more whiskey. Thank you,” Will says as he turns his hand over underneath Hannibal’s hand, fingers curling around the doctor’s. “I’d have to say that would have been the most decent proposal that I’ve gotten in the last six months.” The ones that Will gets at the club aren’t nearly as inviting. “That would require us spending a great amount of time together. I

have work and school. Any ideas?" Will asks as he slides into Hannibal's lap, unable to resist any longer.

"You could stay with me," Hannibal offers, knowing it is a big proposal but he's curious how he might respond. He leans forward and kisses him, slow and sounds his free hand holding his jaw. He makes a note to further keep watch of the clientele that comes into that establishment. "Feel free to decline my offer or take some time to contemplate but I am a man of many means and have no need for compensation should you agree. If not, then we can continue as we are now."

Will is struck silent, albeit temporarily, by Hannibal's offer. The man doesn't know him. He doesn't know Hannibal. It's a huge leap of faith on both of their behalf's. "It's a very attractive offer, one that I will entertain. But not tonight." Will leans down and presses a chaste kiss to Hannibal's forehead before curling in on him and kisses the doctor with heat. Settling with his groin pressed against Hannibal's, a small needy sound echoes in his throat.

Hannibal is pleased, for a multitude of reasons at present. He lets his proposition fall into the background, Will's lips and warmth replacing it as his hands move to knead his ample ass. He groans, his cock beginning to harden in his trousers. "Delicious," he murmurs, his teeth scraping down his chin, and over to his neck where he teases there.

Head tipped back as far as his neck will bend, Will gives as much as he can to Hannibal, for this moment. "Fucking hell…" Will cries out when he feels Hannibal's teeth on his neck, grinding his growing erection down against Hannibal's. Will slacks are a far cry away from the ones that the doctor is wearing but that doesn't hinder the slide of their bodies as Will grinds in his lap. Dancing has given him a confidence that he didn't have before, and a sexuality that is as flexible as he's become.

"Perhaps the bedroom better suits our ambitions," Hannibal rasps, thrust his hips up as the words are said against his skin. He slips his fingers into his curls tugging him back to meet his lips for a hungry, ravenous kiss that offers a promise of more to come should they go upstairs. A lion's den. He wants to devour him, but Will is far from prey. He's a mate. At least it's what Hannibal desires.

"Ah! Shit!." Will's hands clinging to Hannibal's shoulders, wrinkling the fine fabric of his suit coat. Heat and friction on his cock, and he's already trembling. He's not usually so reactive, which makes Will consider moving in all the harder. "Yes. Bedroom where is it," the dancer asks with a devious grin.

"Second floor, the door at the end of the hall," Hannibal answers, noticing the grin and the mirth in Will's tone. He can smell his adrenal glands reving up, pumping chemicals that encourage fight or flight and he is no prey bird.

A quick chaste kiss and Will is gone. Lithe body making corners, a happy laugh bubbles up from with him. When he reaches the stairs he barely hears the doctor over his own pounding heart.

Hannibal grins and stands up swiftly. He climbs the stairs with the quick grace of a feline on the prowl. Nostrils flaring, he tilts his head and closes his eyes, scenting and listening. The

study. He uses a hidden way to come in through the back and when he sees Will, he stands still, smirks, and reaches over to cut the lights out. He can see quite well in the dark.

Shit! Will stops in his tracks as the lights go out. “Not fair,” he calls out, “this is *your* house.” The dancers hand, feels along the wall, trying not to trip or knock over some valuable artifact. Will feels a shift in the air around him and swings an arm out in an attempt to grab the doctor.

Hannibal doesn’t speak and instead ducks and comes up behind Will. His arms go around his waist and he kisses his neck. “All is fair in love and war,” he murmurs, pressing his erection against him. The lack of shoes had helped his silence. Only in his trousers, his furry chest feels the fabric of Will’s flannel. “I am not one who plays by the rules, Will.”

“Mmm. Thank god for that.” Will hums and leans back against Hannibal, warm, smooth skin is what the dancer feels when he reaches up. Tangling his fingers in the doctor’s hair, turning his head to share a sloppy kiss that’s more teeth and tongue than soft and slow. God, he wants this. A flutter in his stomach makes Will tremble in Hannibal’s arms.

Hannibal turns him around and piece by piece they undress until there’s nothing but air between them. He quickly closes the gap, pressing Will against cool, elegant walls. The sun is still low, but rising, and the light begins to bathe them both as he rolls his hips, and fists their cocks together. “God has nothing to do with this…”

Will’s head thumps against the wall, jaw lax in pleasure, soft sounds passing his lips. Long thin fingers card through the thatch of hair on Hannibal’s chest. For a second Will can imagine Hannibal’s chest pressed to his back, hands laced together as the doctor mounts him from behind. Will raises on hand to cup the back of Hannibal’s neck, bringing their mouths together for another heated kiss. “Please,” a murmur against lips.

“Tell me what you most desire,” Hannibal rasps, guiding Will out and to the bedroom. He stops when he feels Will’s calves bump the mattress. The scent and taste of him is remarkable and he’s more convinced now than ever that he must have him at his side or with him in one way or another.

Will delights at being sandwiched between the solid wall that is Hannibal and the plush bed behind him. What does he most desire? “I want— your teeth in my neck,” Will pants as he slowly backs his way onto the bed, reluctantly away from Hannibal. “Mount me and then I’ll ride you until dark comes around again,” Will hums as he prowls up the bed, movements of his shoulders and hips exaggerated.

Hannibal growls at that and procures lubricant, which he uses to slick his cock. The bed dips as he crawls onto it, his fingers finding Will’s rim with ease. “I will give you all that you require,” he promises and inserts a finger inside him, which soon turns to two. He wants him prepared. “Your body feels hot and tight, ready to be molded and formed.”

Will presses back against the intrusion, puffs of air leaving him as with every press of Hannibal’s skilled fingers. “I’m-ah, ready. *Please.* I can take it I can take you. I want it to burn. I want to feel you tomorrow. Blissfully sore and bruised. *Please.”* Will tries to stop

talking, to stop *begging.* But he can't. Hips raised, knees sunk into the plush blanket, chest dropped to the bed, head turned just enough to look back at Hannibal.

Convinced, Hannibal licks his lips, the light from the day flashing in his eyes as he meets Will's. He grasps his hips and lines up the tip, pressing it to his hot hole. "Beautiful," he says just before he sinks in slowly, groaning as he feels muscle relax and grant him entry fully. He doesn't delay and begins to fuck him in earnest, his balls slapping against him as he squeezes his cheeks hard enough to leave bruises. "Exquisite."

Will is forced to extend one arm, hand pressed flat against the headboard, giving himself the leverage to meet Hannibal thrust for thrust. Gooseflesh scattering over his back as his legs spread even further, unbalancing himself so he can reach back between his own legs and caress Hannibal's balls. "Oh, fuck! *How* are you still single?" Will doesn't know that he is as that was one thing they hadn't talked about. But Will is rambling in pleasure. "Shit. Marry me." Especially if he's gonna fuck like this.

Hannibal rumbles, his hips snapping as finds the perfect angle that leaves no nerve untouched. He reaches and pulls Will upright, his back against his chest as he wrenches a hand in soft curls to get to his neck. Lewd slapping noises echo around them, the headboard cracking against the wall. It hardly matters. But before he sinks his teeth into soft skin, he whispers, hot and gravely, "I accept your proposal."

Will is powerless to move, unable to meet the frenzied thrusts, his body trembling. Hands gripping Hannibal's thighs, blunt nails digging in at the bite to his neck. "Jesus— *fuck* . Hannibal! Don't stop. Don't stop. Don't stop," Will mutters over and over, one hand moving to wrap around his own cock, jerking himself to match Hannibal's movements.

"I don't intend to," Hannibal growls, pumping harder and harder, bending his knees *just so* in order to try that perfect spot deep inside Will. He gnarls his neck, flesh popping just enough to provide a taste. A drop of crimson, a sample of coppery nectar titillates his tongue as he lathes over the spot. He wants to make him come many times before they finally retire.

Will let's out a feral growl and rakes his nails up Hannibal's thigh, trying to draw the doctor even further into himself. Like he's starved. Like he can't get enough of the other man. "Let me— let me come. Hannibal, it's here. I need you. *Please…"* It feels like electricity is flowing over his skin and boiling in his groin and lower spine. But it's like he had met a wall and needed *something* else to help him break through. Something from Hannibal.

"Come, Will. Do it now, for me," Hannibal commands, his hand wrapping around Will's throat as he kisses and fucks him as hard as he can. He feels his beast peek out from behind the curtain, his inhibitions receding just enough to give Will what he assumes he's craving. A dark heat. A claim. He constricts his air, aiding in the orgasm to come as he finds his own. He lets out a guttural sound, sweat dripping down his body as he fills him.

Will's body begins to shake as his orgasm builds to the breaking point, heat flaring out over his limbs. Even as he gasps, Will presses his throat against Hannibal's hand. Giving himself over so freely. Flung from heights without abandon. "Hann— Hannibal…" a muttered, gasped and slurred word as he empties into his hand, tightening around Hannibal, milking the older man. Will's body isn't his to control at the moment and yet he soars freely.

Hannibal relaxes his grasp, letting Will breathe but he thrusts into him a half a dozen more times as they ride out the waves of passion together. “Will,” he says, breathily, and turns his head back a bit to kiss him sideways and sloppy. “You are a wonder…”

When he starts to go soft, he pulls out and lays down, pulling Will with him, holding him.

Will is drifting, feeling like his body is floating through warm fall air, crisp and gentle. Glassy eyed and blissed out, he turns his head to look at Hannibal, a half smile curving his lips. “I think you’ve ruined me for sex with anyone else.” Will’s face tucked against the side of Hannibal’s neck.

Hannibal caresses Will’s face, smiling, genuinely. “Likewise, however I would like to think neither one of us will want to find out the validity of your sentiment,” he says, deciding then that he doesn’t want the dancer to have anyone in his life, that’s not him. “Be that as it may, I do hope you’ll consider my offer. Besides, we must cohabitate together if we’re to be wed.”

A playful wink as he calls back to the proposal said during the throes of their carnal sins.

“We definitely should,” Will says around a yawn. “Gunna nickname you NyQuil. But you have to like dogs. I have one. He’s a little thing. Roommate has him right now.” Will raises just enough to kiss Hannibal slowly, echoes of earlier heat threading through it. “I’m definitely thinking about it.”

“I prefer we stay on a first name basis,” Hannibal chuckles but he gets Will’s meaning and finds it flattering enough to forgive the nickname. There isn’t much Will can do to dissuade him honestly. He kisses him back and nods. “Good, I want you here, dog and all. Rest now. Breakfast for dinner when we wake.”

With that, he snuggles Will and once he’s certain he’s asleep, he allows himself the same.

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Later that evening, Hannibal wakes up first. He watches Will sleep for a time and then gets up to start the day. It’s far off his normal schedule but it can be corrected easy enough.

After getting ready, he starts coffee, and sets about preparing their very late breakfast.

Will wakes up and stretches, arms and legs tangled in the sheets and the bed is empty. Hannibal’s spot is cold but he rolls into it anyway, breathing in the smell of their sex and Hannibal’s cologne. Pulling the pillow down, Will holds it tightly before his bladder demands he get out of bed.

Cleaning himself up a little in the bathroom, he looks around to see if he can find his clothes. Having zero luck in that department. He picks up the red sweater that is draped over a side chair, slipping it on. Will chuckles softly when his hands disappear in the long sleeves and it falls down about mid thigh.

Will follows his nose downstairs and to the kitchen, the smell of frying meat draws him straight there. He stops in the doorway, leaning on the jam, watching Hannibal.

Hannibal smells Will but pretends not to see him. He plates the food with a bit of flare, coffee already on the well appointed table, and then turns around. “Good morning, Will,” he smiles, both plates in hand. “Won’t you have a seat?”

He makes a note that to sketch Will just like this later and as he walks near him, towards the table, he presses a kiss to his lips.

Will folds his hands together, tucked away up inside the sleeves of his pilfered sweater, a blush coloring the tips of his cheeks. “Good morning, handsome,” Will returns the greeting. He moves to sit down and closes his eyes, breathing deeply the scents of the food. “This smells amazing.”

“Thank you.” A smile as he sets his plate down first. “Eggs Florentine with hollandaise sauce, artichoke hearts and apple sausage,” he announces with a smile, then sits down with his own plate. The sausage isn’t exactly from a pig, not in the literal sense, but that’s not anything he cares to tell at present. “I trust you slept well?”

“Do you always cook like this or did you make an exception for me?” There’s honestly more food on the table now than what the graduate student eats in a day. But he’s ravenous. “I slept like the dead. Your bed is amazing. Enough reason alone for me to agree to move in,” hiding his smile behind his coffee cup.

Hannibal quirks a brow and smiles as he takes a sip of his own coffee, his hair feathered and soft, not styled and coiffed like usual. He has the day free and it’s all for he and Will. “I am very careful about what I put into my body. For this reason I prefer to prepare my meals myself,” he answers with a nod. “I’m pleased you slept well. Does that mean you have come to a decision?”

Will set down his coffee cup and adjusts it until it’s *just so* , a bit nervous and fidgeting a little. “Yes. I have come to a decision. I would like to be here. With you. But I have a few conditions.” Biting his lower lip and stabbing at a sausage, mangling it a little. “I want to still work. And I want to finish school. And I told you about my dog. His name is Oliver, he’s a rescue and very sweet and well trained.” Will abruptly stops talking, looking at Hannibal through his eye lashes.

Hannibal doesn’t entirely like the idea of Will continuing his job but he knows that with time he can solve that issue. None of this is readable on his face as he smiles wide and sets his mug down as well, taking up his fork and knife. “Very reasonable terms, Will. I agree,” he says, planning the moving arrangements in his mind.

There will be a journey ahead. Through blood and breath he will help Will reach his potential. He’d seen a darkness when they’d joined together. He wants to nurture it and see what hatches. In the meantime he cuts into his food and before the taking a bite he says,

“We can make the moving plans shortly, but first, finish your breakfast.”

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! Apologies for slow updates but we did finish haha.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!